

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

In Search of Comfort or Fashion
Or Both--Wear a Smock

First Mate of the Nancy
Ellen.

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.
OUT past One Three Point, out past the Narrows Shoals, out past the Narrows Light, the Nancy Ellen, sailing the spray from the white-capped waves, in the stern crouched a laughing girl, her head thrown back, her arms raised, and the air about her was the air of a conqueror.

"I suppose this is our last sail together," she said. With the Barnstable House opening tomorrow your time will be filled with fishing and sailing parties."

"Well, I hope so," said Jim, his eyes on the far horizon. "I shall need all-I can get to put with whatever the old tub sells for to give me a start next fall in the city. Dad won't help me at all, he added bitterly.

"Perhaps your father thinks your opportunity lies here," suggested Mary gently. "He is getting old and the store will soon be too much for him."

"I know," said Jim impatiently, "but he can always sail out." Mary said no more, convinced of the futility of argument. Why wouldn't Jim see that here in his old home town lay his biggest chance of success?

For miles around W. Newton & Son held the trade in groceries, hardware and dry goods, and a rapidly growing trade it was, what with the yearly increasing influx of summer people who crowded the hotels and boarding houses and cottages. This business to which Jim now contributed part of the name and a few hours every morning, would eventually become entirely his. Let him combine some youthful energy with his father's reputation and there was a gold mine in it for him. But according to Jim the Goddess Success had her temple only in the city.

It was when the sail was over, Mary sighed as she helped him fasten the canvas covers, it was partly with regret for happy days gone by, partly with apprehension as to what the future held in store.

Three weeks later, as Mary walked down North Barnstable's winding, elm-shaded main street to the postoffice, Jim's father, tucked over a window display of canned cheese, beckoned to her from the store.

"Mary," he said, after she had followed him into the store. "I want you to do something for me. Look at this. The Barnstable house is pestered by a man to sell out to him at a price not half what the business is worth. But I'm tempted to take him up. It's more than I can manage alone and Jim is planning to get out in the fall. But if I thought Jim was putting him up to it, I'd stick it out till I pass in my checks. I won't be bulldozed by Jim."

"How can I help you?" asked Mary as the other paused.

"This way," replied the man eagerly. "Find out, if you can, what Jim knows about it. I haven't mentioned it to him. If it's his doing, I'll have nothing to do with it. But if he doesn't know about it, I'll try and jack up the other fellow's offer a little, and close the deal."

"I'll do what I can, Mr. Newton," Mary agreed and a moment later left the store. She did not relish the commission. It meant arranging a meeting with Jim and she had not seen him since the opening of the hotel. That he had gone to several of the hops with Cynthia Whitlock she had gathered from very reliable information, its source being none other than Cynthia's brother, Bert Whitlock, who was trying to buy Jim's father's store.

And it was through that very same young man that Mary's first opportunity to see Jim came, when he invited her to go sailing with his sister Cynthia and himself on the Nancy Ellen.

On the afternoon of the sailing party, as they stepped aboard the sloop from the tender, Mary noticed with a queer little pang that Cynthia went straight to the helm. That had always been Mary's place, and so many times had she steered that Jim often told her she knew the channel better than he did, and called her the Nancy Ellen's "first mate." Evidently she had lost her job.

It was on the return sail that Jim said:

"I envy you, Whitlock, born and brought up in the city—that's where opportunity lies. I'm always," returned the other pleasantly, "I have found a very good opportunity decided else where than in the city. It isn't a yet. I'm still negotiating."

"I got it—well, I'm satisfied, I supposed you knew it. I want to buy your father's."

"The shoals! The shoals!" cried Mary wildly.

Jim leaped for the helm. A bill before he could grasp the tiller from Cynthia's hands the Nancy Ellen struck, paused, and slipped from how to stern, then slid on to the outer edge of the Narrows Shoals. Half turned over, she was transformed in an instant from a responsive, buoyant creature riding the waves to a thing inert, the plaything of the swells which broke over it.

Fortunately the day was fair and the wind off shore. Otherwise she would not have lasted until the keepers of the Narrows Light, who had witnessed the wreck, could launch their motor boat and hasten to the rescue. With some difficulty the drenched girls were taken aboard. The men stayed to manipulate the ropes with which the craft was eventually hoisted off.

That night, Mary, a bit shaken up and weak, sat in the creaking hammock on her little veranda, bathed in the fragrance of honeysuckle. How strong Jim's arms had felt about her, the second after they struck! But had his action meant anything, or had it been involuntary, the result of a strange impulse at the moment of possible death? She wanted to ask from it the ultimate drop of consolation, for now that she could report to Jim's father her conviction that Jim was in no way responsible for the offer for the business, Jim's father would sell out and Jim would go to the city.

Some one was coming in the night. Bert Whitlock, to see if she had gotten over the effects of her drowning? No—it was Jim! Quickly he swung up the walk and veranda steps over to the hammock beside Mary's slim white figure. "Mary," he began without preamble, "are you and Whitlock—"

"No," said Mary sweetly, "we're



Anita Stewart and a few of her smocks.

By CORA MOORE
New York's Fashion Authority.
NEW YORK, July 15.—Smoaks—everybody knows they are the last word in hot weather comfort. Besides, they are one of the last words in fashion nowadays, too. But it takes Anita Stewart to top the list of smock enthusiasts. For variety of materials and unique designs, she can scarcely have competition.

Georgette and Linen.
There are smocks of georgette crepe, of crepe de chine, of tricot, of linen—may more of satin, and some of velvet in anticipation of colder days. They may be adorned with fanciful decoration, such as the one Anita Stewart wears in the upper right-hand corner of the illustration. Peacock embroidery in gay colors covers the front of this georgette smock. Beside it is a more durable creation of creamy linen with deep

cuffs, collar and belt edged in blue embroidery. Circular pockets are the background for odd tropical birds of brightest blue with rose crests.

Basket of Flowers.
Or the smock may be of severe plainness, such as that at the left, with bright blossoms.

Below. Of Nile green georgette, its only trimming is a silver beaded edging around the neck and bottom of the smock. At the right is one of crepe de chine on the front panel of which is embroidered in gay silks a flower basket filled with bright blossoms.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS
By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

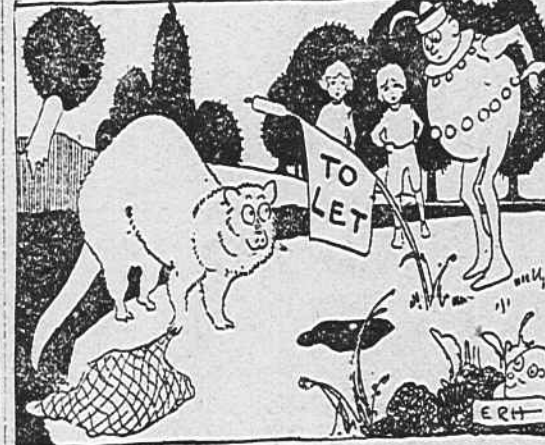
Marty Mink Returns.

Well, sir! Phil Frog had just finished telling Mr. Tingaling about Marty Mink's bad luck, the twins, too, and how Marty had got so greedy he had dived into the fish net and got caught when there was a scraping sound way off along the bank, and who should come into view but Marty Mink himself, dragging something most large and cumbersome behind him.

When Phil Frog saw him coming, he gave one loud croak and dived into the water, meaning no doubt to cancel his plans for the summer. With Marty Mink home again who could tell where he might be by the Fourth of July?

Along came Marty, and the thing behind him, which proved to be the very fish-net Phil Frog had told them about.

When Marty got near enough, he saw the "To Let" sign on his



"By the Great Horn Spoon!" exclaimed Marty, "What's all this?"

front door. "But the Great Horn Spoon!" exclaimed he, "what's all this? Who says my house is for rent, and where's my family? Mr. Tingaling, I suppose you've put them out because I owe you three months' rent, and then put up this sign. Did you?"

Of course Tingaling said he didn't, and that, in fact, he and his friends had just arrived and that Phil Frog was responsible for it, but Marty didn't believe him.

"The very idea!" he scolded. "Don't you know that I make my living by fishing and that the ice only melted a few weeks ago, so I could set out my nets?"

It was Tingaling's turn to be surprised. "But your coat," he exclaimed, "Everyone says you're rich because you wear such an expensive coat."

"Hi!" exclaimed Marty in contempt. "Much good that does me when it won't come off! I can't sell it unless I sell myself along with it and I'd rather be poor."

Well, Tingaling was sorry for Marty, so he told the twins to help him to hunt up his family, while he went to tie a bell onto Phil Frog for netting into other people's business. And taking down the "To Let" sign of Marty's front door, the fairy landlord told his tenant to send him a check for his rent whenever he was good and ready.

took her social career in charge few others to luncheon," she announced one morning. (Willie Van Eyck is a girl, christened Wilhelmina.)

And then, of course, just as we had so carefully planned to assist our pretty little sister-in-law to the top of the social ladder, Ann started to make the ascent alone. She

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

When making your store of jellies and jams don't forget the friends who have no opportunity to preserve, and prepare a few jars specially for her.

The nicest way to put up jelly to be used for a gift is to secure some small paper containers. These may be found in shops devoted to house furnishings, and china and some of the larger stationers. The ones bought at these places are attractively decorated and labeled.

But from our never failing five and ten-cent stores the stiff paper picnic cups may be procured for a mere nothing. These make neat, plain, inexpensive containers.

Menu for Tomorrow.

BREAKFAST—Chilled melon, broiled bacon, toast, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Apple fritters, sirup, sliced tomatoes, rolls, tea.

DINNER—Masked chops, new potatoes, beet greens, sponge with apricots, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

Tomatoes, very cold, sliced with a sharp knife have an attraction for most people that is not to be explained. But tomatoes should always be pared before serving. To me the skin of a tomato is most objectionable. It is very tough and indigestible.

MASKED CHOPS.

4 lamb chops

1 cup soft bread crumbs

1/2 cup milk

2 tablespoons finely chopped ham

1 egg

1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

1-2 teaspoon salt (the ham being salty)

1-4 teaspoon white pepper

dried bread crumbs and 1 egg

Have chops "Frenched," leaving the bone at least two inches long.

Roll and spread with a mixture made this way: Put soft bread crumbs and milk in a sauce pan and cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and stir in ham, egg, parsley, salt and pepper. Let cool before spreading on chops. Beat egg slightly and add 1 tablespoon of hot water. Baste each chop very carefully with egg, roll in dried bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

Sponge Squares with Apricots

4 apricots

1-2 cup sugar

1-2 cup water

4 blanched almonds

1-2 cup whipping cream

1 tablespoon powdered sugar

4 squares stale sponge cake

Cut the cake in slices about an inch thick. Make squares. Make a sirup of the sugar and water. Pare and cut the fruit in halves. Cook the apricots in the sirup until tender. While hot put two halves of the fruit on each square of cake, put an almond in the cavity of each and pour the sirup over the whole. Whip cream and sweeten. Add a spoonful of the whipped cream just before serving.

If silence is golden and oratory silver-tongued, gossip is probably brass.

MARY.

"Lovely!" exclaimed Chrys, and then she turned amused eyes toward me as if to say:

"If she holds her own with Deborah Burns—and that yet—we need not worry about our little Ann!"

I smiled back at Chrys. Deborah Burns is one of the ultra-smart girls of this or any other age. She belongs to a family of the older American lineage and she has oodles of money. Of course she is not exactly responsible for these advantages. It is her way of facing her good fortune which is unique. She has studied law, and goodness knows what else about financial responsibilities and liabilities, in order that she may manage her inheritance in the best possible way. After she came home from the war, Deborah actually worked in a bond office for awhile. I've heard that this kind of an education is not unusual, but Deborah is the only girl I know who has had the sense to acquire it.

"When are you going to give this wonderful party?" I asked Ann.

"When mother comes. She's going to bring 'Midger' with her, and Corinne Carly, too!"

"My goodness, Ann! What are you up to now?" Chrys exclaimed.

"A swimming girl—and a movie vamp!" retorted Deborah Burns and Miss Van Eyck!"

THE BUTTERCUP.

The cheerful buttercup, so beloved by children, is dedicated to memories of childhood and to riches.

One variety of buttercup was used by the old Greeks and Romans as a remedy for leprosy. It was said that the root was a certain cure for insanity. If it was gathered at the wane of the moon, wrapped in linen and carried around the neck of the afflicted person.

Search for Pot of Gold.

A charming story is told about the origin of the buttercup. The

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Kills Colds and "Flu" Germs

Or Your Money Back

30 Tablets 25 Cents

AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES

Smart Serge

Dress For

Fall Wear

For Service Try a Want Ad—It Pay

Autumn Suits

as charming as

they are new

ADVANCE displays of Autumn Suits reveal many interesting innovations and yet we have not thus far glanced any one particular departure which may be THE STYLE of the season. It appears that Dame Fashion will be very liberal in her offerings for Autumn; Suit Modes will show shorter skirts and then, again, some skirts will be as long as ever. Jackets will be both long and short—whatever one's preference in respect to the Jacket may easily be satisfied. Navy blue will, of course, be popular, and there are several new shades of brown being displayed. Fur is used in many beautiful ways for trimming.

Offensive Breath

CALLS FOR CALOMEL

TAKE A CALOTAB

That Nauseless, Calomel

Tablet That is Purified

From Danger and Unpleasant Effects.

Do you ever have a bad taste in your mouth in the morning, heavy breath, coated tongue, headache, nervousness with a let-down feeling? You need calomel, nothing else will cleanse your liver thoroughly. Try Calotabs, the nausealess tablet that is delightful to take and delightful in effect. One tablet at bedtime, with a swallow of water—that's all. No taste, no gripping, no salts, no nausea. Wake up in the morning feeling like a two-year-old, bright, cheerful, energetic and with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger. Calotabs are so entirely delightful to take and so pleasant in effect that the manufacturers have authorized your druggist to refund the price as a guarantee that you will be delighted with Calotabs.

Sold only in original, sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. At drug store everywhere—Adv.

Osgood's for Quality

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HELEN DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM.)—BY ALLMAN.

BY GEORGE, YOU LOOK NICE TO DAY, HELEN! IS THAT A NEW DRESS?

NEW DRESS? I'VE WORN IT TEN TIMES—HOW DID YOU EVER HAPPEN TO TELL ME SOMETHING LOOKED NICE ON ME!

WHY, I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOK NICE!

OF COURSE YOU DO! SAY, I'D LIKE TO GET ONE OF THOSE NEW MILITARY CAPES TO WEAR IN THE EVENING

HOW MUCH DOES A MILITARY CAPE COST?

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE DOLLARS!

I CAN'T AFFORD IT! YOU DON'T WANT A MILITARY CAPE—AND BESIDES YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO ANY FIGHTING ARE YOU?

IF I DON'T GET THE CAPE I MAY HAVE TO START SOMETHING!

And then, of course, just as we had so carefully planned to assist our pretty little sister-in-law to the top of the social ladder, Ann started to make the ascent alone. She

"Money and mother can do it," was Chrys' confident dictum. Next winter probably will be the biggest social season in the history of the whole country. It will not be enough to have people simply nice to Ann. For Jim's sake, she must lead the younger set of this town. That is because you will not make the attempt, Jane.

Lorimer, why, you know."

"Let Ann do it!" I exclaimed. "I'll help—behind the scenes, but I will not be a slave to bridge and dancing, dinners and dress. I'm only going through this world once, you must remember."

"Yes—I do remember that it is full of a number of things besides bridge and dancing, dinners and dress. And flirtations. And scandals." Chrys concluded, "Let Ann do it. She will love the whole show."

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E. & J. Jones
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New Frocks
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Picturesque fashions in flowered, dotted and figured voiles in light and dark colors. We bought these so low that we can mark them at figures far below what you would expect. \$6.75 to \$25, featuring

\$10 \$16.50 \$18.50

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as charming as they are new

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